THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

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Love of Character.

THE love of character may be considered, unquestionably, one of the strongest characteristics of civilized life. How far its influence extends cannot be precisely determined. Such is its tenor and the scenes in which it is exhibited, that the genuine motive is concealed, and we are left as the infatuated visonary before the transient and indistinct revellings of his own fancy, willing to admit the evidence revealed to our senses, but acknowledging its discrepancy with the dictates of reason.

The policy of the world has imposed upon its votaries too rigorous a discipline to allow the belief of a being conscious of its perfections, without realizing the frivolity of pleasure and the vanity of ambition, becoming insensible to what are usually esteemed the higher and nobler associations and, following good for the sole gratification of its attainment.

Nor does it admit such unsullied integrity and purity of purpose as to sanction the idea, that the sacrifice of our own aggrandizement is amply requited with the consciousness of winning universal admiration. For this would evince an amiableness of disposition, which, in rejecting the awards of public esteem, and refusing to enlist in the service of a native country, would manifest a spirit as inconsistent with such conduct, as unnatural.

But it requires far different views; and in blending a liberal and humane benevolence with an exclusive self-regard, denies the generosity which charity would indignantly disown.

These are the sentiments of those whose fallacious deductions from their own depravity are biassed with a full malignity towards others.

The love of character may be regarded, unsullied by the doubtso f the skeptical or the cavils of the disbelieving: and if the lives of the laurelled heroes of the historian, or of the eminent personages, to whom our own experience has rendered unqualified homage, be deemed exceptionable, from this unlimited power of construction, a delusion so philosophical is in its nature and consequences commensurate with reality. But what proof of sincerity can be reasonably required? The boldest alchymist of the mind makes the biography the unerring crucible of the heart. Dissatisfied with the confession signed with the hand already palsied, is a revelation sought from the grave, that undeniable test of veracity? It is obtained: the impartial delineation of nature in every age.—This displays the omnipotence of man in obedience to the ruling passion betrayed in his conduct. Beyond this all has been impenetrable darkness to the sages of old, too profound to admit their own existence—a department of life, from whose investigation the philosophy of Plato shrunk with a timidity, reproachful to that presumptuous age.

Were it impossible to doubt the presence of this ideal waste in the mental prospect, does it exceed the bounds of credulity to suppose this may be, as the tranquil sea, inauspicious to enterprize, yet a fancied medium of the most useful communication?

A scrupulous regard for public opinion and a desire to improve the opportunities consequently afforded may form the creed of the Patriot and Philanthropist, and the intenseness of their zeal efface the apparent consistency of their affection. When an intensity of thought illumines the restless brain with a deeper inspiration, instead of overwhelming reason, she is made to speak a living language in every dictate. The unprejudiced observer, for disgust, is struck with admiration at the varied appearance she assumes.

A love of character, when restricted to the naked currency of report, is divesting labor of its zeal, and enjoyment of its zest. So far from incurring censure through its close alliance with the various motives by which mankind are actuated, it is rather to be the more highly appreciated for the facility with which it is made the pliant instrument of even their delusion. Is its appearance in the daring projects of ambition and the vitiated idolatry of pleasure, the oppressed glimmering of a moonlight ray through the obscurity of a summer's cloud? Its spell, as the limited, but not illusive perception afforded by the twilight, throws over these a halo almost redeeming vice from its degradation: and its minor precepts though lost to the vision, are the source of inestimable benefit to the world. Unless adapted to a subserviency to interests, the state of society absolutely requires, it must inevitably lose its rigor and freshness and waste beneath a frigid neglect. In social intercourse necessity takes the precedence of rule, and the individual character must be moulded into a conformation to the principles, peculiar avocations require.

But we need not depend upon the uncertain-

ty of the past nor draw our inferences from the unstable aspect of the present. There is a conviction reaching our better judgment, wrought by the illustration of more effectual reasoning.

A sensibility tremblingly alive to the slightest encroachment of the common subject, if stimulated by arrogance and vanity, is, notwithstanding in the highest degree conducive to the moral excellence pervading a virtuous community; and philosophically viewed in its importance towards maintaining the manifold relations of individuals, must be acknowledged the basis of public improvement. This may have owed its origin to nature. It has been fostered by custom, and purified and improved by law. It is imperiously demanded by the same voice, which, mute, yet speaks to the conscience in accents of remorse, animating the guardians of national liberty to the death of a tyrant and the extermination of despotism: to redeem their country's honor; to avenge the contempt of equity; to obtain security against the merciless hand exercising oppression upon their own household. Let an indifference be manifested towards an unpardonable violation of justice in interpreting our motive, and a deference to opinion, the vital principle of loyalty in government, of stability in science, and of fidelity in domestic intercourse, is destroyed; and the heinousness of guilt proportionably diminished, for the more, the nice shade and colorings are blended is the dark ground thrown into view and gradually familiarized to the beholder until he loses, if not the ability, the disposition to condemn. The sanctity thrown around public service when polluted with the unhallowed touch of the vilifiers with impunity, induces a disregard of consequences, for they can only be estimated by a self approving conscience. The splendor of rank, however exalted by dignity of birth, or merit, is no more esteemed than the heritage of the miserable outcast.

Neither can the eye dwell with pleasure on a scene where innocence is made a sacrifice to calumny, and eminent usefulness to the designs of the malicious, without imparting the contamination to the soul. Steeling the feelings against any impression, is the first approximation of the spectator to participating in the exhibition of cruelty before him.

A love of character is not the emotion of selfishness. The impeached integrity of the virtuous citizen does not require the punishment of the slanderer, solely from the personal injury sustained. Persecuted innocence, as she retires from the bar of justice with her grateful tribute of admiration, is not applauded for the skill and energy with which she combatted her enemies, but her adherence to virtue in defiance of the temptation making her the unfortunate subject of suspicion. That truth, whose most rigid observance in every instance is the requisition of civil precept and humanity, has been disregarded, and he whose conduct has been regulated by expanded and ennobling views—whose reflections have been made after no inattentive survey of the wide creation—and whose resolutions are formed from no superficial acquaintance with the responsibilities of his station—feels himself constrained to a defence, whose neglect is ingratitude towards a bounteous Providence, and secret treason to the community at large.

The precints of reputation, as established by custom, are to man, the bulwarks around the source of his existence. The consciousness of acting in their defence has divested martyrdom of its terrors, and the enthusiasm thus inspired, if not entirely supported, has invigorated the Christian while enduring the agonies of the stake. So prevalent is the idea of their absolute necessity, and of a necessity demanding the most scrupulous care, that he, whose life has been destitute of a strict and ingenuous regard for them, is not approved for his meekness and forbearance, but contemned for his brutish lethargy. The philosophy consigning him to a patient endurance of injury and insult, is stigmatized as the impulse of a heart too slothful to give forcible utterance to its own emotions.

But this is a feature which ought not to be limited to the bare physiognomy of individual character. Professional distinction and the spirit of nationality, which, however, debased, in particular instances, animate the bosom of the purest patriot, and give to the ordinary sympathies of kindred and home an extent absolving them from the slightest imputation of selfishness, are the effects of it.

Admitting, then, the prevalence and paramount influence of this trait, could invention be tortured to betray to the world a more infallible criterion for testing the degrees of experiment, of which human nature is susceptible? The scrutiny penetrating the mysteries of science and art, recognize this as the divinity of the scholar and the artist. To this, through its matchless efforts when moral darkness beclouded the vision and obscured the faculties of the mind, will posterity ever remain indebted for the sager doctrines of antiquity. And while an acquaintance with the living character can afford instances of elaborate research and invincible perseverance in exposing ignorance and detecting sophistry, to this may be ascribed the predominant principle of the Jurist and Statesman. So overwhelmning is its influence, that

even the felon, whose softer emotions habit has paralyzed, shrinks with horror from an execution giving publicity to his conduct.

The benignity with which the sternest tribunal regards the errors of age, and the unfeigned compassion manifested in inflicting the penalty of the laws where reputation has hitherto been untarnished by crime, confer indubitable evidence of the adoration paid to a spotless name. The monuments also, if it be not viewed with the rankling of jealousy or the bitterness of a more ignoble envy, bespeaks the more clearly the esteem of noble daring and the value of renown.

The love of character, if a constant attendant upon the greatest blessings and so consonant with the maxims of every beneficial theory, can be no partiality for a life recommended by interest and governed by caprice; nor a wilful obstinacy in rejecting, as erroneous, every thing contradictnig a preconceived opinion. In the language of the orator, it is what gives this human dross its currency. If it call into sensible being the passions imputed to him whose determination is to conquer destiny, it also reveals all that can beautify and give to the creatures of earth, their semblance to celestial perfection.

The most refined morality is, in every circle, the highest aim of its members. The precepts of the lawgiver encourage this belief, and all civil institutions are established on this ground.

Policy enforces upon us a knowledge of our imperfections adequate to inculcating the measure and tone of decision that embellish the highly cultivated intellect.

Then its formation is of necessity based upon virtue in the outset, and the more anxious solicitude with which it is cherished betrays a higher esteem for the principles upon which it is formed.

Love, as most frequently exemplified, is the corrupt desire of wealth and honors, or the cravings of sensuality. Affection shines not thro' its impurity. But the love of character is a duty, to justice, to the world, and ourselves.

R.

Fugitive Lines.

When first on the sky spread the beams of the morning,
And the bulbul repairs to her mountain-built nest—
When the prowlers of night that have well marked the warning
Of day's fast approach, have returned to their rest—
Like the demon-stamped passions of soul that depart
The instant that friendship the spirit adorning,
Enkindles the bright altar-fire of the heart:—
'Tis sweet to the soul over marsh, moor and mountain—
By streamlet or lake, by ocean or fountain,
To wander alone. There are beauties that spread
Their softening power o'er the home of the dead—
There are beauties that ride on the breast of the ocean,
Where the breathing of heaven gives their witcheries motion—
There are beauties of noon-tide, and beauties of night—
There are beauties of noon, and the beauties that ride
With the van-beams of day are far more bright
Than the full witchery of nature beside.
It was said that to wander where morn first broke
The fastening fetters of night's dark yoke,
Alone over valley and mountain and moor,
Was sweet. And it is! Oh, never before
Was such soul-moving beauty and glory arrayed
In the heavens, as the day-god this morning displayed.
The diamonds on high that had sparkled all night
In the blue concave, fled away as the light
Of the golden sun came up in the sky
Like the glorious beams of eternity.
The moon hung a vail on her fading form,
As soft as the vail that a summer storm
Throws on the azure expanse of heaven,
As it moves through the sky on the breath of even.
Oh! glorious moon! 'tis a moment of brightness—
'Tis nature's birth-hour, and a holy lightness
Is thrown like a spell-word over each feeling,
And the soul's fullest fountain feels a still stealing
Of its pleasantest waves from its bosom up—
And these are the drops that replenish the cup
Of happiness here—their source is on high,
Amid the pure founts of eternity. HARP OF HORICON.

Mary, Queen of Scots.

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

A kind and philanthropic heart is an inestimable treasure. It is a fountain of delight, whose waters when once tasted, are rendered more pure and more inviting by every succeeding draught. It can forget its own sorrows in the contemplation of the bitterer woes to which others are a prey. It illuminates the countenance of its possessor with habitual and placid smile. It throws a charm over every occurrence of life, unfelt by the sordid minions of avarice and ambition. To the truly benevolent man, felicity seems to be allotted, as high and unmixed, as earth can yield. The passions which inhabit his breast are of a refined and lovely character; and, wherever they are permitted to exert their mild and hallowed influence, the Being, at whose disposal is left the destines of any portion of our race, will stand forth, the unwavering advocate of the cause of suffering humanity. Kindness and forbearance are virtues which the mandates of duty and of interest alike bind us to exercise. We should justly denominate that man an unfeeling monster, who could, without remorse, plunge the glittering steel into the unshielded bosom of an *enemy* who had fallen submissive at his feet, and implored compassion; much more, should we abhor the being who was so utterly destitute of the purer and nobler feelings of our nature, as to quench, in the bosom of a *friend* who came to him for solace and assistance in adversity, the feeble glimmerings of hope that still lingered to cheer his tortured heart. All commend the exercise of mildness and generosity—and

if in any case, the iron-hearted wretch meets with approbation, we are willing to attribute it to some extraneous influence over the judgment.—And, in my apprehension, Elizabeth, Queen of England, may be cited, as possessing an atrocious and unrelenting heart. In my view, inconsiderable would be the number who would lift their voices in her defence, had she been a Catholic sovereign. Nevertheless, the ranks are not small of Protestant christians, who admit her treatment of Mary Queen of Scots to have been totally unjustifiable.—Does any one inquire how she showed her heart unkind and perverse? She sacrificed the peace of a near relative at the shrine of the most capricious, most pitiful envy—she rudely spurned from her embrace, one who was bound to her by the strongest ties of nature—she threw around the already frowning destiny of a being who should have received consolation at her hand, a deadlier, murkier gloom. She saw this personage, by the elegance of her manners, the delight of every circle.—She saw her, like a glorious luminary, moving in her own unrivalled beauty—giving to all around her, life and gladness, and commanding, by that resistless charm which sweetness of temper never fails to impart, the undissembled, and impassioned admiration of every beholder—while, in the comparison, she herself shrunk into the paltry object, visible only by the feebler light which power, and affluence shed around their possessor. She was, undeniably, mistress of a superior and more highly cultivated intellect—yet, the conviction that enchantment dwelt in any other eyes than hers, wounded her vanity, and the unyielding and unholy passions of her heart, impelled her forward, in her guilty course, with the madness of the tortured tiger, to the accomplishment of Mary's ruin. This was a cordial to her injured self-esteem—this was an offering acceptable to her blood-thirsty, and implacable spirit.—What is this dark and despicable transaction, but a manifestation of the motives which actuate the spirits of darkness?—whose breast does not swell with emotions the most indignant, at its simple, unadorned recital? What! did envy and malice procure the literal burial alive, nay, the assassination of a princess!—Go to the light of history, and there behold Elizabeth mount the throne, and place upon her brow the imperial diadem, to which another had a paramount claim; mark the profound hypocrisy, and consummate cunning, which she practiced upon the unsuspecting Mary; notice her innumerable, clandestine attempts to undermine the stability of Mary's government and to gain possession of her person;—view her standing inexorable in her resolution not to succor, or even admit, into her *august* presence, the dethroned, and deserted Mary; behold her retaining, in solitary and dismal confinement, the personage who was her legitimate sovereign, while nineteen years rolled heavily away; and, at last, behold her, secretly, but peremptorily ordering, and yet, publicly, countermanding the execution of Mary; and then tell me when, in the blackest records of human enormities, you may meet with cruelty more cold-blooded and relentless—with a being over whom the impulses of sympathy and passion are alike without control! No matter how glorious, how salutary, was her administration of the civil government—if she could move with unfaltered and buoyant step, along the halls of her gorgeous palaces, while one with whom she must acknowledge an alliance of the most endearing nature, was wasting her life in unavailing sighs, for the privilege of gazing once more at liberty on the bright orb of day; if she could stoop to the vile employment of attempting to bribe a menial to poison her royal prisoner; if she could affect the bitterest anguish, and the most frantic delirium, at the intelligence that Mary was no more; and if, Proteus-like, she could endeavor to evince to the world, the mildness and absolute necessity of her measures, while she could have seen, with tearless eye, the hated form of Mary quivering beneath the vulture's beak; no doubt remains, of the foulness and malignity that reigned within her heart, and prompted every action!

It was not on apprehension of Mary's guilt—it was not her reluctant acquiesence in the repeated and clamorous entreaties of her friends, for permission to lead her forth to look again upon the scenes of life—nor was it solicitude for her own safety, that sustained Elizabeth in the prosecution of her subtle, and villanous designs; had Mary's character been as pure and unblemished as an angel's, every grace, and every excellence would have served, but to kindle into a more intense flame, the fire of envy that glowed within her breast. Had Mary, however, been as infamous as her most enthusiastic adversaries aver, it came not within Elizabeth's prerogative to subject her to punishment. She might have withheld the assistance she was invited to afford—she might have driven from her court the crownless princess who threw herself upon her generosity for protection; but an infringement of Mary's liberty fell not within the scope of her authority. If a lonely residence of nineteen years within the walls of a prison, was requisite to raise a formidable rebellion in behalf of Mary—loud and unceasing would have been the acclamations of joy and thanksgiving, had Elizabeth

suffered her to dwell, in unbroken tranquillity, beneath the shadow of her power! But a measure, so pacific, and conciliating, could not originate in a heart where bigotry, intolerance, and malice sat enthroned. Nothing but Mary's life-blood could purchase her forgiveness for atrocities of which she *may* have been as innocent as a spirit of light; and, while the crimson stream gushes freely forth, beneath the hand of the executioner, an incense, grateful to Elizabeth's savage soul, rises and is wafted on the breeze of heaven. No! tell me not of clemency that can witness, unmoved, the most exquisite agony which human nature can endure; tell me not of honesty which is assumed, only as a covert under which are perpetrated deeds, the most barbarous, and revolting; tell me not of magnanimity which can surrender to the empire of those baser, meaner passions which, under appropriate restraints, may be esteemed the boon of Providence—the touch-stone by which, the higher and worthier qualities of the soul, are developed, and their true excellence appreciated. We have no testimony, that Elizabeth ever exhibited those finer feelings which dignify and elevate the mind. Selfishness, and perversity were the predominant principles to which she yielded obedience. She looked upon mankind, either as the unresisting instruments of her own advancement, or as the uncompromising foes of her tranquillity, and her power. Her universal mistrust, entirely excluded her from undisguised and confidential intercourse. Aloof, and independent from the milder influences which control the worthier portions of our race, and esteeming all around her, the slaves of passion, vile as those which wrangled in her bosom, and choked each kindly feeling, she showed a more determined and deadly hostility to that friendly intercourse which constitutes the loveliest feature in human society, than the most gloomy, and inexorable misanthropist that the world ever beheld. Byron, with all his hatred of mankind, poured forth strains that might have charmed a "seraph choir," and evinced, even in the mildest ravings of his matchless fancy, the most poignant feelings of regret, that misfortune, as he termed it, should have compelled him to "council man's heart and view the Hell that's there." We have irrefutable testimony, that he once owned the sway of noble sentiments—though these were now degraded and corrupt.—We cannot forget that, though he regarded us with contempt, he was still the fragment of a man The remembrance of his fate awakens deep and ingenuous sorrow. We should have preferred his friendship, and should have delighted in being able to call him *good* as he was *great*. We heartily wish that his warm and youthful heart had not been chilled in the waters of real or imaginary ingratitude. But what feelings of affection can cluster around the memory of her who, in life, detested the cultivation and enjoyment of the calm pleasures of social intercourse, and loved to cherish the most unholy emotions—who, though gifted with ability to carry gladness into ten thousand hearts, chose to feast upon the wretchedness of an unfortunate and defenceless individual, at the expense of that inward, heart-felt approval which is beyond all price? How can we peruse the history of Elizabeth, with impartiality, and not regard her name as a monument of an energetic and superior mind indeed, but of a crafty, morose, suspicious, and unmerciful heart! RO.

"I saw a boat, a gilded boat."—ANON.

I saw a girl, a pretty girl
Walk out to show herself;
Her pretty teeth, like lucid pearl,
Shone out right dazzlingly.
The scented breath of lavender
The sleeping air perfumed,
Alternate with East Indian their
Eau de Cologne was smell'd.

And all around the College steps
The concave spec's were ranged,
And sagely did the sage myopes
The pretty creature view.
'Twas five o'clock—the bellman's eye
Glanced sparkling on his watch,
And freshman hosts came sportingly
From out their attic caves.

I see the girl, the pretty girl
Glide down the gravell'd side-walk,
She seemeth both to flout and whirl,
So softly swift her motion,
And Joy leaps lightly on one brow,
And Pleasure on the other,
And rosy Love, with loosened bow,
Inserts his corpus inter.

Nor laughter loud his shout doth ring,
Nor mirth with scraping feet,
While music's daughters' brothers sing
The chapel "Zirælect."
Oh, maiden fair! Oh, unit train!*
With heart of feathery lightness—
Doth yon red cloud no storm contain
To fade your ribbons' brightness?

Hast thou no cloak to wrap about
That pretty, pretty body?
And will that green calash brave out
The wrath of angry Bory?
And that elemental war
When puddles form beneath,
Will thin prunella do it for
Your pretty Peri-feet?

My "Shah!" my "Sultan!" Oh, my "Fay!"
How could you be so silly
As to turn out on such a day
And not take your umbrella?
Did you not know sweet "cynosure,"
That here it rains extempore?
Then how could you, could you be so silly,
As to forget your silk umbrella? ZANY.

* A procession of not more than one person.

Patriotism.

——"Who shall go about
"To cozen fortune and be honorable
"Without the stamp of merit."

EVERY man who occupies a responsible station in a public capacity, would gladly be denominated a friend to his country. Scarcely an individual employed in affairs of a national character would for a moment admit that other motives than pure patriotism were the incitements to his efforts. No matter how pernicious the influence of his conduct, or how utterly destitue of merit his secret purposes, still he boldly assumes the title of patriot, and resents with indignant scorn, the imputation of selfishness. So intensely greedy are a certain portion of mankind for the applause of the community,—so completely ravished by the syren voice of praise that they become affected as it were with a mental delirium, and totally incompetent to a thorough and impartial self-examination

By no means will they rigorously scrutinize the secret spring of their actions, and strive to ascertain their just reward, but self-love usurps the control over reason until absolute infatuation ensues, and fain would they imagine interwoven with their characters, some splendid quality in which others are lamentably deficient. Though they are conscious of no insincerity and flatter themselves that they are actuated by patriotism, and philanthropy, yet subsequent history will delineate their true characters upon its darkest pages. Then it will be known that their lives were spent in sowing the seeds of discord and wretchednes which sprung up to disperse their poison Upas-like through the last atmosphere they breathed, and grew and strengthened to shed unutterable curses on their graves.

Thus while they imagine all to be well, they are cherishing but a cancer in the heart. But self delusion can exonerate no one from the guilt of having entailed upon his fellow men a fearful amount of suffering, when he is conscious that he might have avoided it, had it not been for his attachment to an easy and indolent life. Sincere and honest intention can never exculpate from blame, that man whose situation has been favorable for imbibing correct sentiments, but who has sluggishly folded his arms, and neglected the obvious means for improvement.

But the mass of vaunting politicians, "high-souled patriots," are sensible that they are but a "vile compound of sagacity and deceit—of duplicity and meanness." Intrigue and chicanery are, I think, eminently characteristic of the present age, in almost every department of political life. That period has arrived when all over our Union, every political crime—every species of public injustice and treachery claims to have had its origin in true "love of country."

When Julius Cæesar was aiming at the complete subversion of the Roman republic, and seeking by the most artful deception to extend his dominion over the nation, he assumed the garb of patriotism,and disguised his intentions by professions of sincere attachment to the freedom of his country. So successfully did this subtle usurper palm his pretensions upon the unsuspecting multitude, and so skilfully did he execute his deep laid schemes, that ere they were aware of their condition, he had well nigh fastened the fetters of despotism upon the whole empire. From the walls of Antoninus, to the massy columns of Hercules,—from the bleak shore of the Atlantic, to the verdant banks of the Euphrates, the iron sceptre of tyranny and oppression was wielded over the ruins of that vast republic. There freedom was lost in that slavish homage which the country were compelled to render to the authors of its thraldom.—Many were the victims, sacrificed to satiate the vengeance of a succession of unfeeling heartless monsters. The slave of imperial despotism, whether doomed to drag his gilded chain along the crowded streets of the Capital, or condemned to wear out a miserable life on the sterile rock of Seriphus, or the frozen banks of the Danube was constrained to look forward to his fate in the silent bitterness of despair.

Past experience is wisely used as an index to the future. It affords the best criterion by which we may judge of the character of coming events. A voice comes up to us from the gory field of civil carnage, from nations and empires strangled in their vigor and glory—from cities sacked and ruined by inbred marauders, where now the sable night of desolation glooms in dismal stillness over the moss-grown relics of ancient splendor; and utters in mournful accents the fatal tendency of internal corruptions. It forewarns us of the fearful doom of our idolized government unless more powerful and salutary efforts are enlisted to stay its march in the highway to ruin.

Shall we not listen to the warning of past centuries? Shall we not profit by the experiments of antiquity and shun their errors? Or will we be so spell-bound by the delusive song of patriotism, so entranced by the soothing voice of eulogy, that while floating along the turbid waters of corruption "praising the smoothness of the current," we strain not a nerve to check our progress, but move thoughtlessly along till we dash against that rock which is already covered with shipwrecked republics?

If integrity and justice—if active benevolence and unyielding morality are not the elements of patriotism, if they are mere words without meaning; then bright and cheering is our prospects. But if honesty and virtue are to protect us from the perilous inroads of fraud and vice, if they are the palladium of our liberties, I tremble for my country.

While it is the current practice to reward the factious office-seeker and the boisterous demagogue, but at the same time to scorn as a being tame and pusillanimous, the modest and unassuming, yet faithful friend to national happiness and prosperity, I say while this is undeniably true with regard to our citizens, a large share of our public men will be what they are at present, the dark, unprincipled leaders of a rabble.

The duelist moves along the political arena with his hands besprinkled with the life-blood of his fellow—his eye flashing with a malignant fiend-like satisfaction, and shouts aloud that patriotism is his guide, and asks, and too often obtains the laurels of his country, to encircle that brow which merits the seal of lasting infamy.

The slave holder, while he contributes to sustain that system of cruelty which must ere long provoke the righteous vengeance of Heaven, will treat as a calumniator any who dare question the purity of his motives. In spite of all the wretchedness he brings upon an unfortunate portion of his fellow men, he cries out for his motto, "Love of country," and receives that patronage and promotion to which the virtuous alone can have a just claim.

The gambler, and the drunkard—they too are enrolled among the noble and worthy band of patriots, and actuated by pure "love of liberty," while in reality they are prostituting their own faculties to corruption—disseminating the seeds of death around them, and to their utmost polluting all that is lovely and ennobling in virtue herself.

I believe the time has come, when it may be said without injustice to our country, that with her conflicting parties, and her political feuds, she exhibits a striking resemblance to the infuriated mob of Athens, or the phrenzied populace of Rome, in the time of Marius, and Pompey, and Cæsar.

Say what we will in favor of what is now denominated patriotism, it still will remain as firm as the pillars of truth itself, that an unprincipled man is an enemy of society, and to the extent of his influence, a pest to his country. Christianity and intelligence must be associated in their efforts.—They must scatter their blessed influence all over our diseased republic if they would heal those maladies that are preying upon its vitals, and withering its energies. They must go onward in their beneficent enterprize and dispel the thick darkness of infidelity and vice, while they diffuse those bright beams of science and virtue which are finally to irradiate and evangelize the world.

ROMEO.

Music at Evening.

Sweetly rise those distant numbers,
Sweter, softer far they die;
Rising, chase my moody slumbers;
Wake me, and then forever fly.

Thus life's magic sounds awaken
Those who dream along its tide;
But to leave them sad, forsaken,
Down its cheerless streams to glide.

I once slept, and oh! how mildly,
Dreaming childhood only knows—
Then I wept, and oh! how wildly,
When from that calm sleep I rose.

Life in retrospect presented
Folly, error, guilt and pain—
Lone and sadly I relented,
Sigh'd that I might sleep again.

Now bright hopes in dim perspective,
Gaily mock'd my longing sight;
But I saw them false, deceptive,
Fade in vanity and night.

Cease, my heart! this fond confiding,
Hope not happiness below—
This life's joys like evening numbers gliding,
Only charm us when they cease to flow.

J.

We know not that we can better occupy a short space of our columns than by an insertion of the following letters. It has been justly observed by a distinguished genius, that no species of composition is more interesting, as unreservedly exhibiting the feelings of a writer, laying open the hidden workings of the soul, than epistolary correspondence. It is little becoming the dignity of the Undergraduate to notice publicly all favors of this kind, though he cannot avoid returning a gracious smile to his old friend, Rustic Sensible, for his flattering observations concerning those nicely decked popinjays, y'cleped fops—those modern would-be beaux with which our streets are swarmed. As that class of animals receive some palpable hits in one of the following, we decline at present giving publicity to his epistle.

Messrs. Editors:

"I have just arrived at that period of life when a young man begins to write poetry, sometimes called the season of love. Should you once behold the object of my devotion, cold and phlegmatic as you may be, you would have little reason to question my judgment or to condemn my ardor. But loveliness is sometimes found in the coquette.

Oh 'tis the curse of love and still approv'd.

The most unremitted exertion on my part has not yet been able to engage the attention of this adorable creature. I spent a delightful evening in her company a short time since, but had scarcely left the door of her dwelling ere I heard the sound of laughter, occasioned no doubt at my expense. I lately took her to ride and supposed I had made my conquest certain, but in less than an hour after our return I saw the perfidious—no lovely, cruel tormentor dashing haughtily by in a carriage, with my rival! My feelings were indescribable. Observing my downcast looks, upon our next meeting, she rallied me on what she was pleased to call my weakness, and declared I was jealous. The pain of the past was forgotten in the pleasure of the present. Yet she continues to eye the other gentlemen, regardless of the suffering she inflicts upon her sincere adorer. Be kind enough to apply some remedy to the evil, or at least to administer some consolation to your afflicted friend and servant, ICHABOD HOPELESS.

The following is truly deserving of consideration.

To the Undergraduate.

SIR, your gravity of countenance and acknowledged integrity of conduct, have inspired me with confidence in addressing you in my present embarrassing situation. I have to inform you, sir, that I have lately been importuned by a young coxcomb, much less in want of money than intelligence, and possessing a greater share of impudence than either. I cannot even take a walk without his *accidentally* crossing my path, or visit any public place without being blessed with his presence. Should you in your peregrinations chance to fall in with the subject of complaint you will confer a favor by informing him that his late new suit, brilliant safety chain and other ornaments will all fail of their object, at least, till *paid for*.

Your humble servant,
CORNELIA.

Items of News.

ENGLAND.—On the question of Reform in England, there was a majority of *eight* against the Ministers—in consequence of which they tendered their resignations, which the King refused to accept, and in person prorogued Parliament on the 23d, to Tuesday the 10th of May, with a view of being immediately DISSOLVED. The excitement in the House of Lords was unprecedented.

We consider it the most important event (says the Courier and Enquirer) which has occurred in England for centuries. The people with one voice called aloud for reform, and their representatives, alarmed at the state of the country, and convinced of the justice of their claims, decided, by a majority of one, to comply with their wishes. By the mere force of corruption, a change was produced in the commons; and to their surprise Ministers found themselves in a minority of *eight*. In this crisis they tendered their resignations, and to the honor of the KING be it said, he refused to accept them! He saw the country on the verge of a revolution; he saw the people rising in their might against an unfeeling aristocracy, and a corrupt boroughmonger system; he felt the justice of their claims, and witnessed the oppressions under which they labored. In this extremity, he had the rare honesty of deciding in favor of the oppressed against the oppressors—of the people against the tory aristocracy—and nobly determined upon a dissolution of parliament. This resolution was taken at 12 o'clock, and at 3 P. M. he delivered to the Lords and Commons a speech which does honor to his head and his heart—a speech which will save England from revolution, anarchy and bloodshed, and endear him to the honest patriots of all parties. In one word, he has saved his country; and long may he live to witness the happiness which this noble act will confer upon twenty-two millions of inhabitants.

POLAND.—The Poles have again been successful, and achieved a succession of splendid victories. In one of which the 7th, the loss of the Russians is estimated at 25,000 in killed and prisoners; and Gen. Diebitsch said to be among the latter. It now appears that the Russian loss in the battle of the 31st March, was 12,000.

The Russians who have not fallen or been taken prisoners, are in full retreat in all directions. The probability is, that but few will escape. We have no official information of the loss of the Russians in the battles of the 4th, 7th and 9th. The official account of the action of the 9th, states the prisoners at between 3000 and 4000, and we may safely estimate their loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, in those three engagements, at 30,000! The Paris papers estimate the entire loss of Diebitsch, since his entrance into Poland, at 60,000. We do not credit the rumor of his having been taking prisoner up to the date of our last accounts, but we feel a conviction that he cannot escape such a misfortune if he remains with his army. Their fate is sealed; and may such forever be the fate of those, who seek to exterminate a gallant people struggling for liberty!

MARRIED,

In Whiting, Dr. Volney Church to Miss Harriet Bush. In Woodstock, Mr David White to Miss Gracia Cady of Windsor.—Also, Mr Joseph Hemenway, editor of the American Whig, to Mrs Mary Logan. In Manchester, Winslow C. Watson, of Plattsburgh, N. Y. to Miss Susan Skinner, daughter of the Hon. Richard Skinner.

DIED,

In Hinesburgh, Amanda, wife of F. W. Baldwin, aged 28. In Monkton, Mr Adam Muer. He is supposed to have put an end to his existence, by taking laudanum. In Lincoln, Susannah, wife of Nathan Davis, aged 65. At Yamachiche, L. C. Lewis Dorwin Surgen, aged thirty years, third son of Philo Dorwin, of New-Haven, Vt. In Pittsford, Mrs Lois Smith, aged 74. In Rutland, Prudence Manley, aged 47. At Detroit, Michigan, the venerable Judge Trumbull, formerly of Connecticut.